Herald. fairfield

WINNSBORO, S. C., WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1884.

Twas Autumn when first they stood on the Ripe pears on the pear tree, ripe corn on the ridge:
The swallows flew swiftly far up in the blue,
And speeding still southward, were lost to view. Said he: "Can you love me, as I can love She said, quite demurely, "Already I do!"

bridge; The pear trees were brown, and bare was the Algiers.
She looked in his face, and she burst into tears! His nose it was pinched, and his lips they were blue. Said she: "I can't love you!" Said he: "Nor thirty, with dark earnest eyes and a

'Twas springtime when next they stood on the bridge:
And white was the pear tree and green was home with her governess." the ridge: The swallows had thoughts of a speedy re-And the midglets were dancing a-down the He said: "Pretty maiden, let by-gones go Can you love me again?" She said: "I can hearts," returned the butler.

'Twas summer when next they stood on the There were pears on the pear trees, tall corn on the ridge;
The swallows wheeled round them, far up in assisted him to change his dust-covered the blue. Then swooped down and snapped up a midg-She stood, looking down on the fast-flowing Then answered, demurely: "As soon as you -Chamber's Journal.

ONLY A GOVERNESS.

"I suppose I had better dress, and call on the lady. It's always more satisfactory than writing, as dear papa used to say," murmured Kate Dagnall, as she brushed vigorously the unruly curls off her broad forehead, that would stay there in spite of all remonstrance. "I'll gum it down," she exclaimed. laughing—a low rippling laugh, that disclosed a row of little white pearls. "O, don't, dear Kate," said a sweet childish voice. "I should be so unhappy if you did anything to your pretty hair."

"Then I won't darling," said her sister, tenderly shaking the pillows un-der Evie's little fragile form with deft

The poor little creature had laid on that same couch for two years, with curvature of the spine. And it was for the little sufferer's sake that brave pretty Kate was going to battle with the world this bright May morning. "Shall I do. Evie? I don't look too

smart, I hope?' "You look as you always do-lovely!" replied the girl.

her dead-black silk robe hanging in graceful folds around her little stately figure, a dainty little spotless collar the place of a brooch. But above all there was a dewy

freshness about her witching face, like

a wild rose sparkling with the early morning dews. "I shall not be long, Evie love." she ed, as she tripped out of the room, but not before a little slipper, which the sufferer had been hugging jealous-

ly, came bounding toward her, and the weak little voice said: "Good luck, sister mine!" and to herself she added: "Please, dear Heaven, bring her back safely to me.' "What a grand place!" thought Kate as she looked up at the palatial

mansion on Carlton-house terrace. "I thought dear papa's house handsome, but that was nothing to this." To her question if the Countess of Elslie would see her, the butler, a very gentlemanly man, in deep mourning. said kindly:

"Step this way. You are Miss Dagnall, whom her ladyship expects, I

suppose?"
"Yes," she said somewhat shyly as he led her across the marble hall up a flight of stairs, gorgeous with pictures, mirrors and costly purple velvet hangings, into a sairy bower, all turquoise plush, and billowy lace, where an elegant woman was seated at a silver and malachite davenport, writing letters. The countess was a true patrician in

noblest attributes, without a tinge of the usual false pride of her class. "Be seated, Miss Dagnall," she said kindly, "and be good enough to excuse

looks, voice, and gesture, with the

grace now that she found herself placed at ease by the unstudied grace of manner of the true lady. "I think we shall get on very nicely,

Miss Dagnall, and our darling May will have a lady whom I shall like as well as trust. I am pleased you confided in me, and told me all, because I have heard of the sad reverse of the once eminent banker, but never knew what became of his two daughters. Now, confidence begets confidence. Your little charge is not my own; my darlings have been gathered in by the Great Reaper. May is my brother's child; he is a widower. I have her under my care till he returns to En-

"Then she is motherless, my lady?" "That is so," she replied sorrowfully, "but you will, in some measure, make up to our treasure her sad loss. All was settled, and as Kate tripped down the staircase she could almost have burst out into song, like a bird who had lost its way and its mates, and found them again: "Oh, I'm so happy now! I wish I

had wings to fly to my darling Evie," she murmured, as she flew along St. James' Park, light as a fawn. "It was the slipper that did it," and she began humming, "Oh, those golden slippers," unknowingly-how golden she had yet to learn.

There was joy for the orphans that day at Camden Town. "I told you that you were a fairy, and would win the hearts of everybody," exclaimed Evie, raising herself with difficulty to take a peep at her he said, placing a chair for her, "to sister. "Only fancy a countess, too, and to shake you by the hand as if you were her sister. How I should like to May."

see her! Is she very beautiful?" "She is more than that; she is a perfect woman, nobly planned, what I was reading to you about the other I wonder if I shall ever see her,"

the poor little thing said wistfully. "Why, of course you will, Evie. Some day you shall be brought to see take your place more fitted for the me in a little invalid chair that I mean | sition." to buy you when my ship returns laden with good things."

The thought of such happiness of tears, sobbing: brought a sunny smile into the child's sweet pensive face, and she was satis-

Dagnall. Won't I be happy then!" ex-claimed little May one delightful morn-ing in August, as she deshed. schoolroom, a very Hebe of child-beauty "Aunty has just got a letter-ch,

such a duck of a one, with dozens of kisses. Aren't you very pleased?' "Yes, May, very, of course, because you are. But perhaps your papa won't see me with the same indulgent eves as you and Lady Elslie do; he's a gen-

"Fudge! he'll love you as much as I Why, my papa is only like a big boy-he plays with me an hour every 'Twas winter when next they met on the bridge:
The bri The pear trees were brown, and bare was the ridge.

The swallows were feathering their nests in the lady looked up into Kate's face with innocent confidence.

"So her ladyship is out?" said Lord Severn, a fine handsome man about frank sweet smile just like his sister's. the countess. "Yes, my lord; but Miss May

"Thanks, Graham. I hope all the servants are well, and that this time I shall stay among you."

"I am sure, my lord, that I can say we all wish so from the bottom of our "Ah, there's no place like home to a man who has been knocking about in that arid waste, Egypt and the Holy

habiliments. "I'll just steal a march upon my lit-Said he: "Lest some trifle should come in the the pet, and creep up and see what she way,
And part us again, will you mention the is doing. Oh, the fun and joy of the surprise! How she'll dance with de-

Land." mused his lordship as his valet

A beautiful room, covered with rugs of bright colors and polished birch furniture: laced draperies and pretty rosecovered chintzes on pale-blue ground draped the chairs and cosy couches; birds sang cheerily from their fairylike eages; flowers everywhere; an open piano in the corner; a few beautiful pictures of the Holy Child from babyhood till manhood. This is the sanctum of the little heiress and her friend and instructress, Kate. A veritable Eden upon earth, purity

and innocence reigning supreme. As the weary traveler watched with preathless interest, a feeling of awe came over him, and he resolved not to interrupt by his presence the sweet

"How lovely!" he thought; "she has the face of an angel. My darling is in-There sat Kate, perfectly unconscious

of the admiring eyes that were taking in greedily the scene that she was playing the heroine so artlessly in. The crimson twilight was just flooding the chamber, and touching up with its summer glory the bonnie little golden head and the witching face as she read aloud a touching story of our Redeemer when a child to May and her little invalid sister, who lay on a couch in clasping May, the other a tea-rose, a gift from the countess before going

claimed the two children in chorus when she had finished the story. "To-morrow, dears, I will read the life of his friend and follower, St. John; now we will have our usual lit-

tle concert." In a few seconds Kate's sweet, fresh oung soprano rose clear and thrilling, oined by the little ones' childish voices.

inging: "Abide with me, fast falls he eventide." Lord Severn stole noiselessly fromthe room, murmuring:

"I will not break into their sweet

sacred converse to-night; tomorrow morning will be better. His lordship had been home a month and a few intimate friends were in-

vited to dinner. "It is the wish of my brother, dear child," said the countess. "But I shall be so dreadfully nervous. Oh, do let me come in quietly

after dinner. I am deeply conscious of the great honor you have offered me, my lady," replied Kate with sweet simplicity. "Just as you please then, dear. I

will tell his lordship that you would refer to join us later on." What caused Kate to tremble and blush so when May ran up to her with two exquisite white roses saying: "Papa plucked them, and told me I

was to give them to you to wear now." "Are you sure, darling?" "Yes-quite sure," answered the little damsel positively, adding: "Oh, don't you look pretty—better than all

in the drawing-room." The child was quite right, Kate certainly made an exquisite picture in her through the delicate lace, where she pinned one of the white roses. Her success in the drawing-room

was complete, and Lord Severn's at-tentions most marked: "Oh, that I was a princess or a queen!" she murm when she found herself in her own room. "I would do like our gracious majesty was compelled to do-offer this king of men my hand, half my crown and kingdom, Well, well, I can only pray that such naughty thoughts may never assail me;" this as she breathed a little sigh that was wafted up to the angels, who in turn hovered around the innocent sleeper, investing her dreams with a radiant bliss and joy which gave the weet face an expression of perfect

peace and happiness. "Wants to see me, Graham?" said Kate perplexedly, about a week after he dinner-party. "Yes, miss, that was his lordship's command."

"Where am I to go?" "He is waiting in the drawing-

I hope he is not angry about darling Evie living with me; her ladyship wished it;" and smoothing down her rebel hair she made her way to the magnificent room to meet-what? Her little fluttering, palpitating heart dared not even stop to think—dismissal, per-

She entered, looking very shy, but "I have seut for you, Miss Dagnall," say that your services will not be need-

Poor Kate! she turned white to the lips, and could not think of a word to say for a brief moment, then summoning all her courage, she said: "Is my fault commission or omission.

my lord?" "It is neither," he replied. "It is simply my desire; another lady will Poor brave little Kate. This was the

last straw, and she burst into a flood

"What-oh, what have I done?" "Done, my darling, my love, my queen! Robbed me of my heart," cried

"You love me?" she gasped. "Love you, sweet Kate! I have loved

you from the first moment I saw you when you were reading to my child, and your sister and you then sang 'Abide with me'-the night I arrived

"And you saw and heard us?" she asked in sweet confusion. "I did, my sweet wife that is to be, and I registered a vow that you should be my May's darling mother in reality. Say, do you love me? Are you happy? "Yes, my king, my love," she re-plied, and Kate was no longer "Only a Governess.

The Champion Liar.

"Every time I look at the North me feel pale. It is all on acccount of perilous voyage. It was a bright summer morning, I remember, and an open lot on the outskirts of the town was filled with 200,000 people to see us make the start. The aeronaut got into its demands. the car first, and I followed him with two native servants, who carried our

we had beaten all previous records, and were sailing through the clouds at the frightful rate of sixty miles. The professor, who was black in the face but very enthusiastic, suddenly announced his intention of attempting to get beyond the attraction of gravita- o'clock I invite them into the diningof salary, and he saw the raise and mony. I have a dish of salad, and made it \$1,500.

it became stationary again, and the fellow had to be disposed of in the in-terest of science. I dropped him out serve refreshments in the morning or very carefully, because he was a very nice man and generous to a fault. Up and up went the balloon, until we had spend the day. If you ask him to dine reached an elevation of 118 miles.

"The professor saw that we were about to stop again, and kindly asked dron over three days on my own hook very satisfactorily.'

"Where did you land after making this terrible trip?" asked the listener.
"Believing that my salary was agentake his barometer along with him," said the nautical cop.—Philadelphia

Why They Couldn't Hear Him.

General James C. Strong, of Buffalo, was here this week. He arrived on the 22d anniversary of the day upon which he was shot down upon a Southern battle field. He was struck in the hip (the wound is famous among physicians and surgeons, I'm told) in a very peculiar way, and lay by a log in great agony all day. In the evening after the battle he heard the voices of his men calling him from different quarters of the field. "Colonel Strong!" they shouted. He replied by shouting at the top of his voice: "Here I am!" . Here I am!" Still his men kept shouting: "Colonel Strong!"
"Colonel Strong!" Again he replied
with all his might: "Here I am!"
"Here I am!" The searchers came nearer, still shouting. Colonel Strong always replied: "Here I am" with all his might. At last they were within three feet of him. "Here I am!" he shouted. They came nearer, but in a slow uncertain way. Finally one of them leaned over the log, flashing his lantern light full on the prostrate man. "Why, here's the Colonel now." he said to his companions in tones of surprise. So they gathered him up and carried him to the hospital. As soon as he was well enough he asked the man who had found him on the battle-field simple black-net dress, its square-cut why he had not come to him at once body half-revealing the alabaster neck | when he heard him shouting, "Here I am!" "We didn't hear you, sir," said the soldier, "until we leaned over the log, and then we heard you whisper in scarcely audible tones, 'Here I am.'-Philadelphia Record.

It is a melancholy fact that young men of the present day are less impulsive and more calculating than, if traditional reports are to be credited, they formerly were, and are rarely inclined to barter their liberty except for a pro-portionate quid pro quo. Love in a cottage has been an exploded myth, one can dine two can, only requires a matter how poor and coarse her hair upon lightly, but demanding the fullest and most mature deliberation; like Talleyrand, we are inclined to distrust first impressions, although not precisely for the reason alleged by that acute a pretty face, and plunge unhesitating-ly into a flirtation on every available be wholesome and refreshing, and I opportunity,, yet, however closely they may flutter round the candle, take especial care not to burn their wings; while, on their side, the fair ladies, we may be sure, are equally cautious as to the amount of encouragement they may safely venture to bestow. On the whole, match makers were never more essential than they are now; and when we hear of a marriage, we are morally liant, talker. She can read and obcertain that some good-natured busy-body has had her finger in the pic. ed any longer as governess to my little Sixteen of the statues erected at the

> of Washington have cost \$550,000, and it is probable that the Washington tor. monument, on which work is now proof the Capitol, cost \$43,000, and the two have some interesting matter to talk ateenemies. He had a needle Capitol dome, \$23,000; the Emancipa- vored will show her appreciation in it.—N. Y. Cor. Utica Observer. tion group, \$17,000; Gen. McPherson's some way.

HOW TO RULE MEN.

A Lecture to Women by a Woman Who has Studied Mankind.

"I do not entertain much," said a lady who has been an acknowledged leader of Chicago society for twentyfive years, "but I receive a great deal. I do not believe in entertainment, although I am mindful that there is very much stress laid upon the socialty of refreshments'. People do not call on you for eatables; they can buy their lunch anywhere. But the society of a cultivated lady or gentleman, is not so easy of access. People want mental food; they want to exchange their ideas star," said the nautical cop, it makes for some newer ones; they want to talk and laugh, and to make you talk and a balloon experience I had in 1863. laugh; they want the society of some You probably remember that mam- sweet women of sense and vivacity, moth air-ship built in Hong Kong to who will skillfully draw them into contake a trip across the Pacific. I was versation, and, for the time being, dithere at the time, and the owner of the rect their thoughts from the subjects balloon engaged me at a salary of that have engrossed them all day. The \$1,000 a week to accompany him in his woman who has to appeal to her table -who thinks she must pamper the appetites of her guests in order to please openly confesses that she is not accustomed to society, and not equal to

"Besides, look at the way women entertain nowadays! What does a man care for ices, cake, frappe, and The signal was given to start and the | bouillon? Truly their own observaropes cut. The immense bag of gas, tion should teach them better. I can with its human freight, shot up into the get more real social enjoyment and air like a rocket. In twelve minutes create more conviviality with a dozen we were 6,000 feet above the earth. In sandwiches and two quarts of cider or twelve minutes more we had attained a hot coffee than I can with ten pounds height of 10,000 feet. The revolution of angels' food and three gallons of of the globe was then plainly percept- ice cream. I have been in society for At 8 o'clock in the evening twenty-five years, and when I have reeived my most charming companies all I served was tea and wafers. If there were gentlemen present I substituted coffee. I am a great admirer of card parties and musicales with not more than ten in the group. About 10 I at once demanded an increase room and refresh them without ceresome nice bread and butter, with a "All our ballast had been thrown out, and, as the balloon had ceased to rise, it was necessary to make the car lighter, so we pitched one of the ser- ter of the little table, and have a dozen vants over the side, giving him a cook- bottles of ale brought in right from the book to read on his way down. Up | ice-box. That is what men like, and if shot the balloon another mile. Then you mean to please them that is one of

the menus to use. spend the day. If you ask him to dine with you, then serve an elegant din-

"I think if women only knew how me to step out and let him continue the sweet and lovely they are and how voyage alone. He refused, however, much they can do with men they would to further increase my pay, so I took pay more attention to their personal Then I sailed the airship for the next | woman only goes about it right she can do anything with a man, and make him conform to her ideas in every particular. She has tact, skill, talent, beauty, refinement, and, combine her intuition with her fascinating powers, ous one, I permitted the professor to she can change his politics, reform his of his life, and shape his career to suit herself. But she must not be a fool, I ettes were made of second hand tobacco can tell you, nor must she forget for an instant the art. instant the art and finessee by which

impulsive creature, full of conceits and vagaries, and anxious to rule and control. He has strength and he wants to use it; he has creative faculties and lives to execute. But whatever he is he looks to woman for his pleasures, and the one who can please him can rule him and do with him whatshe will. A woman is young until she is 25, and man retains his youth ten years longer, but after that there is nothing to live for but home. Life has lost its zest, and there is no charm in the toys and amusements of yesterday. You must admit that a woman marries for convenience, She wants a home, protection, immunity from labor and the delights of companionship. Now, if a p "Don't insult me. I never cut anyman makes this home, if he stands be- body, drunk or sober. But I rememtween her and danger, if he contributes the best interests of his life for her maintenance, he certainly is entitled to his reward. He wants his home beautified, filled with friends and good cheer; he wants to be petted, admired, respected, encouraged and loved. He

wants to be king, in short. "Oh, yes, you may say petting is all nonsense, but just let me tell you that you are mistaken, and if the husband cannot get that loving affection at home he will get it some place else. Caresses can be bought like every other

"A wife must be a sweetheart all her life. She must never get to old to be charming. She must cultivate a sweet temper and an affable manner, and her only anxiety must be a dread of offending her husband. Another thing; sarcasm won't work, it is an unpardonable offense in the home circle, and, no matter how pertinent it may be, a woman cannot afford ever to say a harsh word to the man she loves.

"Beautiful? No woman need be anything else. If she has a poor complexion, there are powders and cosmetics that defy detection; she can have and the pleasant fallacy, that where beautiful eyelashes and eyebrows; no few months' trial to be at once and for is, it can be remarkably well-kept and ever disproved. We are gradually ac- so becomingly arranged as to be adcustoming ourselves to regard matri- mired; the most irregular teeth can be mony as an affair not to be entered polished like so many pearls, and clean teeth and a sweet breath are not so common as to be despised; white hands and tapering, polished nail will atone for a very ill shape of hand. What if the feet are large, if they are well shod? diplomast. Many young men who willingly succumb to the attraction of so healthy-looking, and so delicately tell you, clothes makes the refinement that belongs to a lady or gentleman. Indeed, the raiment is typical of much that is within. If nature has meagerly bestowed her charms that is the very reason why a woman should have recourse to art. If she cannot shine in serve and be an authority on current literature, and if she will but study the why and wherefore of things and the very best points in her friends, she can Government's expense in different parts make for herself a circle that will be the very envy of her prettiest competi-

"For instance we will suppose she is

nypocrite, but if there is any choice I prefer the polite hypocrisy of the French to the rude candor of the Brittons." - Chicago News.

Second Hand Tobacco Just see them go for them! I sup-

pose they enjoy the 'old soldiers' as much as we do our Havanas." Two gentlemen, one of them a Bos-tor Globe reporter, had just cast their had smoked cigars into the street, and the above remark was called out by sering a couple of gamins dive into the gutter for the stumps.
"Enjoy them? Well, I guess not." Do you imagine that they smoke all the old 'buts' they manage to scoop in

around the city?" Theyer gave it a thought, but I see what else they want them

"You will be surprised then when I tell you that these old stumps, which athered by the ton around the city, hotel cuspidors, saloon ash-boxes, rationy waiting-rooms, and public places generally, as well as from the gutters, are manufactured into cigars. and tobacco, but I am informed that such is the case, and this 'second hand' business is becoming quite an industry. Why, a dealer was explaining the process to me the other day. Of course you don't see any large concerns en-gaged in the business. The trade is carried on in obscure shops and tenement-houses, and hence few people outside of those engaged in it have any idea of its extent. There are probably hundreds of people engaged in the busi-

ness right here in Boston. The process of transforming fifthy accumulations of gutters and cuspidors into bright, finely flavored smoking tobacco is thus explained: The old cigar stumps, after the charred are cut off, are soaked in a solution of ammonia and some other chemical which takes nearly all the nicotine out of the tobacco and removes all trace of smoke and creesote. The mass of pulpy tobacco is then pressed into cakes and sliced by a cutting machine, after which it is given a bath in some kind of a bleaching solution which re-moves nearly all the properties of which the weed is possessed when it comes from the plantation. It is now taken to the roof in trays and left to dry in the sun. When thoroughly dry it is carefully taken up in the trays and carried below, where it is passed under an atomizer, by which it is dampened with a preparation of glycerine and some flavoring extract, after which it is in shape to be made into cigarettes or put up in packages as smoking to-bacco. The business is said to be perfectly legitimate, as the manufacturers comply with the revenue laws and the tobacco thus pays a double tax."

"It is a good thing that those who ealize what it is, or its use might be "I don't know about that Those

who ought to know say that, the cigarettes are far less harmful than many of those put up in more attractive shape, and that it would be a good thing, for

Shaving Drunken Men. "Glad that job is over," said a Madison street barber, as a customer walked out of the shop with unsteady "Why?" was asked him.

"Drunk!" sententiously. "Have many of that kind?" "No, thank goodness! You see, a dranken man when he sits down to get shaved is always shooting off his mouth and is always sure to do it at the wrong time. Just when the razor is passing over his chin an idea will strike the fool in the chair, open will go his mouth, down will go his chin, and it is only by the greatest care that a fellow can keep from cutting him."

"Ever have any accidents?" ber once the chap that had the chair next to me, a sort of green hand, who came near cutting a man's nose off. The customer came in drunk, threw himself into the chair, and kept perfectly quiet while he was being lathered and during the time the first one-half of his face was being shaved. The next instant a razor struck his

and I guess the customer did too." "Ever have any men go to sleep under the soothing influence of a shave?" will doze off. Mighty mean customers

to handle, too." "How's that? I should think they would be the more docile." their heads to get them to turn them, and sent her away. Soon after just spoonful of sulphur taken every other and then run the risk of giving them a like every child, she came back, leadsnip when some dream is running through their minds, or cutting them when they suddenly awake with a start.

By Jupiter, it was my wife, and the girl was three mornings, and taken again. A mixture of powdered brimstone or diluted glycerine should be rubbed on diluted glycerine should be rubbed on For myself, I prefer to shave a sober business man. He may have his mind on his affairs, but he is also aware that he is in a barber's chair and that a sharp razor is close to his face."-Chicago News.

Jealous Millionaires.

Speaking of the hatred of wealth, I bserve a great deal of rancor between millionaires themselves. Gould and Vanderbilt are reputed to loathe each other. It is only lately that the Astors and the Vanderbilts came to speaking terms. When Villard went under the expressions of delight were by no means confined to those who envied him in prosperity. And now that Jim Keene is suffering a disaster, there is Keene is suffering a disaster, there is positive hilarity among the Wall streethow costly or fashionable their rainers. It seems to me that a mob which would pillage one millionaire's proputs." And it might have added that erty would be aided and abetted by most of the other millionaires. The beer, either, and drink it while the joy is quite unconfined over Keene's collection is being taken up. monument, on which work is now progressing, will add \$1,000,000 to the total. Chief Justice Marshall's bronze statue, recently unveiled, cost \$40,000; or the music or the music or the artists. Let her business, without going away inveter
statue, recently unveiled, cost \$40,000; or the music or the music or the music or the artists. Let her business, without going away inveter
statue, recently unveiled, cost \$40,000; or the artists. Let her business, without going away inveter
statue, recently unveiled, cost \$40,000; or the music or the music or the artists. Let her business, without going away inveter
statue, recently unveiled, cost \$40,000; or the music or the man or 50. Our correspondent in advance also informs us that a few months ago also informs us that a few months ago an unusually curious wedding took place in Ekatterinoslav, in Russia. The business, without going away inveter
statue, recently unveiled, cost \$40,000; or the artists. Let her business are the man or 50. Our correspondent in advance also informs us that a few months ago an unusually curious wedding took place in Ekatterinoslav, in Russia. The place in Ekatterinoslav, in Russia. The business without going away inveter
the man or 50. Our correspondent in advance also informs us that a few months ago and unusually curious wedding the personal obnoxiousness. Few men went also informs us that a few months ago and unusually curious wedding the man of 50. Our correspondent in the man of 50. Our corres downfall, however, on account of his statue, recently unveiled, cost \$40,000; and make a study of the play, the actbusiness, without going away inveterbusiness, without going away inveterors, the music, or the artists. Let her
ors, the music or the artists or the artists. Let her
ors, the music or the artists or the artists. Let her
ors, the music or the artists or the artists. Let her
ors, the music or the artists or the artists or the artists or the artists. Let her
ors, the music or the artists or the artist of the Capitol, cost \$43,000, and the two statues facing it \$24,000 each; the naval about. The gentleman goes to the extension of the Capitol, cost \$43,000, and the two which the native of the Prussian capitor of the Prussian capitor of the Prussian capitor of the native of the nat which the nature of the entertainment and has a monument, on Pennsylvania avenue, pense of the entertainment and has a strike a dead lion, but there are few men in wall street who are not doing the statue of Freedom, on the st

tion group, \$17,000; Gen. McPherson's statue, \$15,000; Admiral Farragut's, \$20,000; General Scott's, \$73,000; General Greene's, \$50,000; General Greene's, \$50,000

IMPORTANT INFORMATION.

"Papa, what is a bat?" "It is what base ball players use, my "I know that, but isn't there another

"Yes, there's a bird called a bat." "I know that, too, but isn't there another one?" "No, I guess not dear, why do you

"Because I heard Uncle John tell mamma that you went on a frightful bat last night." Papa said nothing, but made up his mind to give Uncle John a laying-out next time he saw him .- New York

WANTED TO STRIKE IT. "Mr. Dupree," asked the little 10taken his seat, "won't you let pa hit your breath just for fun?"

think it would be so funny to see anything knocked out of a man's breath,

Dupree didn't stop to reply. - Atlanta

A CONSIDERATE HUSBAND. Mrs. Blank-"Here is a funny item which says that a married man can be distinguished by the way in which he carries an umbrella over his wife, carefully shielding himself and leaving her exposed to the drippings."

Mr. Blank—"It is not true, though."
Mrs. Blank—"No, it is not. You never do it. You were a good deal more awkward at carrying an umbrella over me before we were married than von have been since."

Mr. Blank-"Ah!" Mrs. Blank-"Yes; I had several bonnets and two dressed ruined by the drippings in those days. But you have become ever so much more careful." Mr. Blank-"Yes, indeed. I have to ay for your things myself now."iladelphia Call.

"Why do you always wear a bunch of flowers in your buttonhole?" inmired Miss Fussanfeather, while Mr. itepants was calling the other evening. "Oh, it gives one an air of freshness," responded the poetical young

rankly, "I don't think you need any artificial means to prove your fresh-And then Titepants went out and sat

on the hitching post to think it over. trievably wrong. The under portion of ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE IN LONDON. his solitaire has insolently shaken off its "Hi say, 'Arry, did you hever see such ha blarsted count his, hany 'ow?" "Why, what's the matter now, John?"

glish hin this country, 'Arry. Hi cawn't hunderstand them hat hall, you knaw. Now, hat 'ome the very street cads speak passably good Henglish has hev-"Hoh, they speak such beastly Henerybody'll tell you hif you hask them." YOUTH HIS ONLY CRIME.

"Sirrah!" exclaimed the solemn Fact:

to the little Joke, "you are too fresh." "Yes, I know," humbly replied the ittle Joke, "but this is the result of my education. In our family, you know, the only crime is to be stale, like a Fact. Freshness is greatly prized. I would be ever fresh.' "Away, slight thing!" haughtily re-

plied the solem Fact. 'You will outgrow it. I once was young myself, a thousand years ago,"
And calmly adjusting his wig he rubbed some burnt sork on his face and sat down at the tamborine end, while the timid little Joke lingered around on the sidewalk, wishing that he, too, attention attracted by the sign "Comwere old enough to join the minstrels. Poor little Joke! He will loiter long in the bourgeois columns of many a

that fond hope shall grow into bright fruition. - Bob Burdette. Where Blackburn Met His Baby.

patent inside, and take apartments by

the year in many an almanac before

Four days before I went to the front with my regiment we had a little girl baby. She is now grown and you always see her with me at any social gathering. Then when the barber was about to Well, in our army the furloughs came shave his upper lip he forgot that he very rarely. When we got into line had a drunken man in the chair and there was no great chance for a man held the blade close to his nose for an to get home. It was about three years instant. At that very moment some- afterward that a few of us were one thing funny struck the mind of the man | night going down the Mississippi on a and he threw his head back to laugh. river steamer. I had been sick and was returning to my command, but nose and a stream of blood squirted pretty well broken up even then. As for money, we did not have any, and prevent the bad effect of gas, heat, and clear to the looking glass. The boss for money, we did not have any, and had to pay for patching up the organ and the green hand was 'docked' action the deck, my throat almost parched cordingly. But he learned a lesson, with thirst. Pretty soon a little girl and old-are often found within these came along with a big glass of lemonade. I tell you it looked good to me. She saw me eyeing it, stopped a min-"Yes, but not often. Sometimes a ute, looked doubtfully at me, and man will come in from an early train | finally came up to my side. "You who has had no sleep all night, and looked as if you wanted something to advise a little careful dieting and drink," she said, and offered me the bathing in elder-flower water. Not a glass. It wasn't the square thing to particle of fat must be taken, as it do, but I took it and handed it back vould be the more docile."

'Not much. You have to tug at me. Then I thanked the little creature plexion in a very short time: A tablea baby but just born. You can imagine the face at night and washed off in the the reunion. They were with my morning with soap and water in which brother's family, and happened to be there is a little ammonia. Washing. going down the river. That was the | the face in spirits of camphor, glycerine, only time during the four years' fight and ammonia is also very good, and ing that I saw my wife and baby, and various other methods are resorted to under these circumstances what man for this end." would ever forget it?

What is the use of wasting money by advertising in the newspapers, when bulletin board of the court-house, or on the door of the district school: woman is living who has just attained the or strade, a Soral horse too wite her 130th birthday! The old lady is in feet and white fase. Blind in wun i the enjoyment of good health, but comfive doler reword."

the enjoyment of good health, but complains of her deafness (and no wonfive doler reword."

"No lady or gentleman" emphatically Here is a piece of German repartee:

Concerning Shirt Fronts. There exists no more interesting and instructive spectacle for the student of human nature than that of the shirtfronts round a dinner-table. A shirtfront is a phenomenon of infinite humor-full of expression in every part of it, possessing vast potentialities of achievement from the bottom of the

throat to the pit of the stomach. As is the aspect of the shirt-front, such will be the look impressed on the physiognomy of the wearer. You no sooner note the starched bulginess projecting half-a-dozen inches out of the line of the perpendicular on the person of a Unitarian, or catch a glimpse of the limp linen at the side of the shirt-front which the waist-coat ought to but can not conceal, than you have acquired a clew to the character of that shirtmay be all right, but the general effect "Why certainly, my little man; but is one of clumsiness. You trace intellection of the state of knock a quart of whisky out of it; I gard the matter subjectively-let us, that is, place ourselves in the position of the shirt-front wearer. How often is he not agitated by the consciousness that the shirt-front which begins like a beautiful woman may end in hideous fish! Down to the central stud all is asit should be. But as the meal pro-gresses and he glances down his linen he perceives to his horror a tendency on its part to disclose a fissure and to reveal the under-garment, whatever its hue, beneath. Henceforth there is an end to all enjoyment. Pellitur a convivio lectitia omnis. He can no longer converse without constraint, his mind wanders from the topic of talk, he becomes visibly distrait and palpably disgusted, and though he be seated beside the fairest of the fair he grows as absent-minded as the sage who employed the finger of his bride as a tobaccostopper. Shirt fronts are the most fickle and capricious of all articles, and | ing his enemies. of all portions of articles, of male attire. Their behavior in many instances. is incalculable. The shirt-front which

conducts itself admirably one week is a model of ill-conditioned eccentricity the next. It has been annoyed by the washerwoman, and, with that illogical injustice characteristic of shirt-fronts. vents its disgust upon the payer of the washerwoman's bill. Or it begins the evening well and terminates it in a manner of which it ought to be ashamed. Perhaps the worst affliction which can overtake a conscientious and wellmeaning Unitarian is the discovery that without a single premonitory hint his shirt-front has gone utterly and irremoorings, defiantly refuses to be phorically speaking, launches out into space. Who is not familiar with the efforts this hardly-used Unitarian makes to conceal the horrible histus, or with again. It is a gone coon, and he will regain her virtue. He must accept the

which has overtaken him.-London "A Complexionist."

with a skillful hand, he may minimize

in some sort the appalling calamity

Strolling up-town recently, a reporter for the N. Y. Mail and Express had his plexionist," which was hanging over the door of an inoffensive-looking dwelling-house. Wondering what under the sun a complexionist might be, he wandered in to satisfy his curiosity. A French lady of medium height and with charming conversational powers received him in a small room, fitted up in a style that might indicate at first sight either a drug store or a hair-

dresser's saloon.
"A complexionist," said the lady, in answer to the reporter's interrogation, "is one who makes a study of the human skin, and takes charge of the customer's complexion." "But surely there are not many

"Oh! yes; there are hundreds of the fair sex who come here during the gay season to be made up or to have the skin treated with delicate washes to late hours. But young ladies are not the only ones treated; men- young on Wall street this week. But ther "What is your usual mode of treat-

"That depends on the complexion. If it is merely to be preserved, we injures the polish of the skin. Here is morning for a week, then omitted for

Russian Longevity.

From a correspondent who has passed some years in Russia, we learn one can tack a notice like this on the that in the village of Vellkotti, in the der). Her hair is still long and plentiful, considering her age. She spent her youth in great poverty, but is now pretty well off. She has outlived three husbands; and had a family of nineteen they will not send out for a pitcher of children, all of whom have been married, and are now dead, the last one to die being a daughter aged 93. She nature deprives us of one sense she lives with one of her great-grandchild- make amends by bringing the other ren, a man of 50. Our correspondent senses to extraordinary "I don't see why you are so particu- same town. The bridegroom's father, lar about your hair," said a churlish now in his 103d year, and the bride's

WIT AND HUMGE.

Adude is a 50 cent man in a \$50 suit of clothes.

at Nero fiddled while Rome was burning was that business was probably dull in Rome and Nero was heavily

A man's brain weighs three and a half pounds. A woman's is somewhat lighter, but of finer quality. That is what enables her to taste lard in her neighbor's pastry.

A mastadon's tooth weighing four pounds has been found on a farm in New York state. Wonden what member of Haverly's minstrels had a molar extracted before leaving for Europe?

The Oil City Blizzard is respensible for the statement that strawberries and front's possessor. The central stud cream make girls 'frockled and cause may be all right, but the general effect, them to toe in." They will toe into an ice cream saloon all the same. - Bos Owing to the crisp-quit mania, society young men on small income have been obliged to fall back on the old black tie. It is too narrow for a

patch and too black to be attractive .-Hartford Post. A certain poetes is said to make good jellies as well as good poetry It is suggested that she make a new

departure-send her jellies to news paper offices and can her poems. forristown Herald A London Bank has issued an order prohibiting the wearing of beards or mustaches during business hours. It must be very annoying for the clerks

to carry their beards in their pokets all day. There are liable to get mussed The fact that El Mahdi, the False Prophet, sleeps during the day, and transacts all his business at night, gives rise to the suspicion that El must have been a night news editor before

he went into the business of despatch-The choir of a church in New Hampshire couldn't make out why the treble notes of the organ all of a sudden kept getting so much stronger than the bass, until they opened the thing and found a half-starved cat in there.

Burlington Free Press. Henry Irving made four hundred thousand dollars in the United States. This shows that Americans are not the best business men, for many of us have lived here for years and have not made more than three hundred thousand. N. Y. Morning Journal.

A Pittsburg inventor has devised a jet-black mirror. They will hardly become popular among our colored citizens, for in such a mirror a dusky damsel can perceive only the white of her eyes. "G'way frum heah' wih "My dear," said the wife of the editor of a weekly newspaper, "shall I give a way those old trousers that you

But neither wandering hand nor nervous cough can put that shirt-front right I will need them sure." George Zeller stole a pair of shears as easily restore the solitaire to the from the editorial room of a Philadeloriginal socket as the soiled dove will phis newspaper, for which atrocious crime he was sent to jail for three blow of a severe destiny, and his best months. If he had still further crip-

pled the newspaper office by taking

hope must be that by maintaining his body at a proper angle, and by periodically smoothing his ruffled plumage the paste-pot, it is believed the editor would have insisted upon a life sen-Fipps, who has been lunching with a friend upon frogs' legs: "Everthing you see is of some use in this world. even the frog." Friend, who is disputatious: "I don't agree with you. Of what use is the mosquito to us?"
Fipps: "Ah, my dear fellow, you take wrong view of things. Just think

how useful we are to the mosquito."-Boston Gazette. The people in San Antonio are so nervous that a law has been passed forbidding steam whistles being blown in that city. How those people would suffer if a circus calliope should happen to escape and run wild through streets, Why, the people would just sit right down on the sidewalk and bleat like a sacred calf, and if a Milwaukee tug-boat whistle should happen to be sprung upon them suddenly it would give them cramps.—Peck's Sun. Burdette philosophically writes to young men: Do you be diligent in your own business and be content with its rewards. You may not walk so many miles in six days as Fitzgerald, but you can sleep a great deal more time; and if you do not get so much money for

neither can you be cleaned out of \$450,-000 next week. Senator Coke, of Texas, has a remarkably powerful voice, and it is said that when he was discussing the pleuro-pneumonia bill and got his throttle-valve wide open, the pages put cotton in their ears and wedged the window sashes to keep them from rattling and breaking the glass. At the climax of his vociferations Coke announced that he intended to speak so that the whole country would hear him; and then, as he paused for breath, Beck remarked, "Guess, they will, Coke, if the're not stone deaf."—New York Tribune.

it neither do you get so many blisters.

On your little salary at the suspender

counter, you cannot clean up \$300.000

It is related as a grave and solemn verity that two ladies met at the door of a Boston "ladies' broker," when one cried in great excitement: Mrs. X., I don't know but I amruined. I sold long or short on Dan & Beershebs Railroad bonds, and for the life. of me I don't know which, but if it's one way or the other I'm utterly bank-"Oh don't take on so, my dear, was the reply; "it's just the same with me on Camaralzaman mining stocks, but I'm just going in and tell the clerk said yesterday, whatever it was."
"Oh, you love," exclaimed the other, rapturously; "what a head you have for business. Why, your'e just like a

They were in the grocery store. Said Brown (seeing a blind man about to enter): "Where you aware how delicate the touch of a blind manis? When but the grocer. He made three several attempts at blushing, and then went into the back shop and kicked his dog.